

A BIG WORK

During November, 629,568 Soldiers Visit Y Huts.

They Wrote a Total of 516,631 Letters.

(From Trench and Camp.)
A report which shows the big volume of work done during the month in the nineteen huts of the Army Y. M. C. A. by the seventy-four secretaries, has just been compiled under the direction of James E. Atkinson, camp general secretary. The attendance at the buildings during the month, according to the report, was 629,568.

Write Many Letters.
A total of 516,631 letters were written in the various huts and money orders in the amount of \$4,535.45 were purchased by the soldiers.
In the educational department sixty-one lectures were given to a total attendance of 22,555. A total of 690 educational classes were held with an attendance of 10,734. The number of books circulated during the month was 9,169.

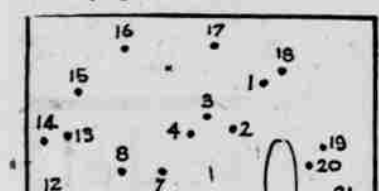
Athletics Popular.
A report of the physical activities show that 45,528 soldiers participated in the various athletic games, which were witnessed by 53,413 spectators. In the religious department 226 meetings were held with an attendance of 22,324. The number of Bible classes was 134 with an attendance of 3,988. A total of 8,493 scriptures were distributed and 1,429 personal Christian interviews were held, which resulted in 323 Christian decisions. The number of war roll signatures was 296.

110 Picture Shows.
In the social department 107 entertainments were held with an attendance of 36,221. The total attendance at the 110 motion picture shows was 55,470.

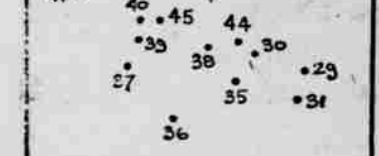
EVERYDAY ETIQUETTE



It is a sign of ill-breeding to bring into a conversation personal allusions. To caricature the small peculiarities of anyone, to make anyone conspicuous, is unpardonable. (Miss Kelly will answer in this column all questions on matters of etiquette addressed to her in care of this paper. If a personal reply is desired, enclose a 3-cent stamp.)
Mrs. L. H.: Always speak of your husband as Mr. (with surname), except to very intimate friends.
Margot: A good listener is more to be desired than a fine conversationalist. In order to be a good listener, you must appear to be interested, answer appropriately, briefly and to the point and give your companion the impression that you are in sympathy with and highly entertained by what he is saying.



Where is Ethel's? — Draw from one to two and so on to the end.



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The Mysterious Ways of WANG FOO By Sidney C. Partridge

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--- IV ---
The Ivory Chess-Board

It was just the close of the fifth hour in the colony of Hong Kong and Sir William Rollins, head of the great English firm of Rollins & Co., Chemists and Druggists, was sipping his coffee in the little dining-room of the Church Hospital for Chinese. He was the guest for the hour of his old friend Dr. Bradshaw, the surgeon, who had come out with him to the East just twenty years ago.

"Well, Doctor," he said, "how about the opium question? Are you still struggling with it as you were five years ago when I left the Colony and went home?"

"It is just about as bad as ever, sir," replied the surgeon. "In spite of all the government restrictions and regulations, they seem to amuse the vilest stuff in and we get it in the Hospital all the time. The police and detectives do all they can to ferret the rascals out, but what can you do when your own countrymen are the chief offenders? It's the foreign druggists that are really to blame, Sir Rollins, and—he looked toward his guest most significantly—"you'll pardon my saying it, but Rollins & Co. are not above suspicion."

"What? Do you mean to tell me that after all my efforts of years to banish opium from this community, my own firm are supposed to be actually selling it to the natives? Impossible!"

"Not impossible at all. The illegal traffic is going on right under your very eyes, but you are not sharp enough to catch them. Why, only a few days ago I found a patient here taking some of your new cough-lozenges for his throat, and when I examined the package carefully, it was filled with the choicest and most expensive Patna opium. What do you say to that, eh?"

"What do I say? I vow by all that I hold sacred that I will probe the matter to the very bottom, and the man that did it—be he Chinaman or Englishman—shall not only be instantly discharged, but I will hand him over to the police without any mercy."

"I sincerely hope you will, Sir, and not only help us in the crusade, but also redeem the good name of your firm; for my Chinese nurses tell me that there is always some way of getting it, your establishment, if it is true, must know the secret, or have a 'pull' as the American doctors say."

There was a grand shake-up in the leading drug-store of Hong Kong the following day and the police made one of the largest hauls of opium that the papers had ever recorded. Padre Madero, the trusted Portuguese clerk (in charge of the native department) somehow or other got wind of it and disappeared for parts unknown just before the officers reached his residence. Hundreds of dollars worth of the "golden earth," as the Chinese euphemistically call the drug, were discovered under various disguises. Boxes of cough-lozenges, quinine, headache powders, tonic pills and a dozen other popular articles sold to Chinese customers, were found to have been carefully cut open, filled with opium and then resealed to avoid detection. The entire foreign-made native state was summoned before the firm and given a lecture, accompanied with threats of dismissal, which ought to have been effective in forever preventing a dram of the poison from being sold over their counters. Sir Rollins received a flattering compliment for this in the papers and was personally congratulated as a public benefactor, by His Excellency the Governor.

In less than three weeks from the above occurrence, an anonymous letter, postmarked Canton, was laid upon Sir Rollins's plate at breakfast. He tore it hastily open and read as follows: "You have evidently, Sir, made most conscientious efforts to rid the community of the opium curse by trying to prevent the sale of it through your clerks, but the Missionaries of this district have positive evidence through their native converts that you have been thoroughly hood-winked and that the importation and sale of the drug is still going on, though in a way that you cannot detect. Consult the 'man of mystery' and perhaps he will throw a little light upon the subject."

Sir William Rollins was furious. He rose and paced the floor. He crumpled the letter up and threw it into the waste-basket and then, after a few moments' thought, picked it out again, smoothed it and placed it carefully in his wallet.

"Boy," he cried, "catch me my chair-chop-chop, my wanchee go city-hall side. Arrived at the city office, he sought a private interview with the Chief Inspector and, laying the letter on his desk, set down and said: "Well, what do you police chaps say to that?"

The Inspector read it over slowly and carefully and, after a few moments' hemming and hawing, replied: "I rather imagine that the 'Wily One' is the only man in the Colony that can really get at the bottom of it."

"Wang Foo, the Mysterious. Haven't you heard of him?"

and a tall Chinese gentleman was ushered into the waiting room. It didn't take five minutes for the active servant and employee in the establishment to know who the distinguished visitor was. The coolies told the gate-keepers; they in turn told the cook and the head boy, and so it passed with lightning rapidity through the house; even the female servants and the amahs peered over the stair-case to get a glimpse of their fellow-countryman who—to their minds at least—was conferring an honor upon the foreign firm by condescending to accept its hospitality.

"Mr. Wang," said Sir William, greeting him most cordially at the door of the drawing-room, "I am certainly delighted to see you and to welcome you to the humble home of Rollins & Co."

"It is an honor, Sir, which I appreciate most keenly. The name of 'Lo-Ling' or 'Green Forest'—which you know is the humble attempt of my countrymen to pronounce the Scotch family name in the symbols of their Oriental tongue—is a household word up and down this entire street. No foreign long stands higher in the native estimation. The large order of appreciation which your grateful customers have hung on your walls show this in far more flowery words than mine, though, perhaps," and here he bowed and smiled—"you do not always see them."

"No, I regret to say, Mr. Wang, that though a resident of many years in the colony, I have never taken the time to learn to read the language. But my countrymen have translated some of them for me and they certainly are flattering, especially the one where it says: 'He prepares the golden pill of immortality.'"

"Yes, that is about as high a compliment as one could pay to a manufacturer and dealer in medicines. It would especially appeal to the Taoists, to those who seek the fountain of youth, as you call it, and who claim to have the secret of the elixir of life. I must be a remarkable rejuvenating tonic, Sir, that called forth such a testimonial. I should like to see this tablet myself and—he added, looking carefully around the room to be sure that he was not overheard—"I must buy a bottle of the medicine."

"For yourself, Sir? Allow me to send you a box of half a dozen with my compliments."

"Not so much for my own personal use as for my personal satisfaction. I have long had an especial interest in tonics and life-givers of every kind and I love to—here he looked directly at his host—"I love to analyze them, Sir."

The dinner was soon announced and the house-boy took an especial pride in the native guest's perfect familiarity with the European menu and the ease and refined dignity with which he handled the "iron chop-sticks or the official kingdoms," as they feely termed the knife and fork. Over and over again the host tried to introduce the subject of the evening, but every time that he did so, Wang Foo dexterously turned it aside and with upraised finger solemnly said: "By and by, Sir, by and by."

When the cigars had been lighted and the opportune moment seemed to have at last arrived, the host dismissed the attendants with "Boys, you all can go kitchen-side now, my wanchee takes Mr. Wang." As the last blue gown and euc disappeared behind the pantry screen, the detective smiled and, rising from the table, remarked: "Sir William, in England you say, 'The very walls have ears,' but in China—"

"The words were scarcely uttered when down with a crash came the Japanese screen by the pantry door and out sprang the house boy."

ascending the incline. Suddenly, without a sound of warning, a smooth, round stone fell directly out of the sky and struck Sir William on the shoulder. He started with a cry—more of surprise than actual pain.

"Some miscreant is attacking us. Who and what can it be at this hour of the night?" he said.

unrolled the yellow paper from his sleeve. It contained just four lines of poetry—no heading, no name. It ran as follows:

"He who thinks and thinks aright, Will read these lines tonight, Poppies bloom in the open light, Ivory in the forest green."

Who had thrown the stone with this mysterious warning and what was its inner meaning? He thought and thought, and came to this conclusion: someone at the hour had overheard the word "Peak" and had followed Sir William and himself to the summit by the little pathway that climbs up by the side of the tram. He had tied the message to the stone and thrown it over the parapet. The words of the poem were intended to be a friendly clue to the object of his search, without divulging the slightest hint as to their author. Someone was trying—this was clear—to help him, but who and why? He fell asleep with the question only partly answered.

The following afternoon a venerable figure, clad in the old and faded blue gown of an scholar and leaning on a bamboo staff, was wending his way along the river street. He came to the old Canton wharf and, attempting to hobble across the thoroughfare, was nearly knocked down by an English pony-trap that rushed by in the most reckless way, while the occupant shouted: "Get out of the way there, you

old man slowly unwound his girdle and, producing the money, took that of his assailant and, rising from his seat, bade them all "good night."

"May you heap up the mountains of riches," he said as he passed out. "May a little of your light ever beam upon us! May the lucky stars guide you on your way!" they all replied.

Two days after the above occurrence Wang Foo had his second interview with the head of Rollins & Co., and among other questions he asked was this:

"Sir William, has your firm any branch establishment whatever in the Colony?"

"None whatever."

"No other drug or medicine shop, then, has the permission or the right to use the sign of 'Lo Ling' or 'Green Forest'?"

"No, Sir, a thousand times no—that sign is registered at Government House until this case is all complete—I was in your other store last night."

"Sir William, I am going to say something that will surprise you—but I say it on the pledge of your strictest secrecy until this case is all complete—I was in your other store last night."

Was Wang Foo telling the truth? Was he really in the branch store of Rollins & Co. the night before? Was there such a place? That Wang Foo, the famous exposé of crime had really made such a visit no mortal knew except himself—but that the old scholar who trudged slowly homeward from the branch had taken a roundabout way is house ten minutes after sunset, and walk off with his ticker, it is called burglary and it means three years more imprisonment. The poor man had

scribed the words: "He prepares the golden pill of immortality."

"That wondrous medicine," he asked of the native clerk, "the pill of immortality, do you sell it here? And what would it do for one as old and as feeble as myself?"

"It is the rarest tonic of the age. Venerable Elder-born," he answered: "It will restore your spirits and make you feel quite young again."

"The price—for the smallest box?"

"Two silver coins of the smallest size." But, seeing the books the old teacher carried with him, he at once added: "For the students of the great Master's words, one coin will be quite enough."

under the bright golden characters it saw, in a fainter color invisible to the casual passer-by. "Branch of the Green Forest for the special distribution of the Golden Pills," that he had entered the shop and departed with a tiny packet of pills in his sleeve—and that he had returned to his home that evening he had carefully compared the contents with that of his afternoon purchase, and smiled a smile of intense satisfaction at the result—all this was most certainly true! And so, as he took out of his secret drawer the yellow paper with its poetic message, he said to himself: "I think I will just change this into prose." And this is how it read: "Poppies bloom in the open light," became, "Opium is being openly sold in the Colony," and "Ivy in the Forest Green" became "Rollins & Co. are dealers in ivory."

What possible connection could there be between these two articles? What had the hush of the night had to do with the juice of the poppy? This, you see, was just the missing link that needed to be found, and the sound of the mysterious symbols of the language supplied it, for the words "ephant" and "tuski" when pronounced with a slight change of accent became the words for "ivory" and for "opium" and the chain of evidence was complete!

The boy reappeared in a few moments with a large and handsome box of ivory and a box containing an exquisitely carved set of chess-men of the same material. The Chief and the passenger played until eight bells announced the midnight hour and then rang for the boy to return the commodore's board.

"Compladore go sleepee just now," was the announcement; "he takes you can puttee that board your trunk side, he boy come hotel catchee to-morrow, can do."

Mr. Hartwell was quite agreeable to the suggestion. Packing the chess-men carefully away he took them to the hotel in the morning and, sure enough, the smoking-room boy called for them at noon.

Now all this would have been quite natural and beyond a possibility of ulterior motive if the Chief, who was sitting with Mr. Hartwell, hadn't happened to remark: "That's twenty trips I've made with that boy and every blessed time he leads that ivory board to some passenger and comes to the hotel in the morning and sure enough, the smoking-room boy called for them at noon."

Nobody in particular noticed the Chinese gentleman who had followed the engineer ashore and who now sat at the next table to him and noted everything he said—why should anybody? He was apparently just an ordinary visitor, and there didn't seem to be anything out of the way in his

row going on between husband and wife, don't mix in. If you do, it will not only be called trespass, but the husband will give you two black eyes and the wife will pull your hair."

If you threaten to put a head on a man, he can make it smart for you. The law does not allow a man two heads, and, if you give him an extra head, you're liable to him and noted everything he said—why should anybody? He was apparently just an ordinary visitor, and there didn't seem to be anything out of the way in his

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IT IS THE LAW! EVEN KINGS MUST OBEY!

By M. QUAD (Copyright, 1918, by The McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

If you enter a house, and there is a row going on between husband and wife, don't mix in. If you do, it will not only be called trespass, but the husband will give you two black eyes and the wife will pull your hair."

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to go and buy a dollar watch in either case.

If you find a girl up your pear tree pulling off pears by the dozen, and you shout at her to get out of that, and she falls and breaks her arm, it is called assault, and you will have to pay at least as much as her doctor's bill. She has no right to steal your pears, but you have no right to yell at her.

If a man beats you out of a dollar or two, the law does not recognize him as a dead-beat. You have got to prove that he beat half a dozen others the same as he did you, and you will find yourself mixed up in a law suit that will cost you at least fifty dollars.

Do not call a doctor with the understanding that he must cure the patient to get his pay. No doctor or lawyer is sure of anything. If they fail, you must pay their bills, just the same, and if you set out to prove any negligence on their part, you will be a lifetime in proving it.

The law takes notice of a cow's horns. If you find one in your garden eating up your cabbages, and you knock one of her horns off, you may find yourself in jail for six months. Better give her three or four dollars with a fence rail and let her go with that.

If you should buy three gallons of sweet milk of a man, and there should come up a thunderstorm and pour it all, it is your own fault. The law does not pretend to know when a thunderstorm is coming up, or what damage it will do.

If your barn is an old barn worth about \$200, and you can get it insured for six hundred dollars, don't think you have got a fortune in your pocket if the barn burns down. The insurance company may elect to build you a new barn costing what the old barn was worth. Always read your insurance policy. You will find many clauses therein to make you joyful and happy.

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